



# My Dandelion



👁 44 ✓ 1 ★ 5

## Chapter 1 by Ayla Cerise

He was my dandelion; beautiful, at first. Not a weed, but a flower in my eyes. I wanted him. But once I got what I wanted, I saw who he truly was. Ugly. He caused me pain, and he spread his infectious seeds everywhere, surrounding me and the others with weeds, weeds, and more weeds.

I need my revenge. My dandelion needs to die for what he did.

## Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



My weed killer of choice was words. A letter, slipped under his door at one A.M., while my friends watched from the safety of my mother's SUV. Once I had made my final delivery to his door, I was quick to skip down the front steps and to the front seat, opening and shutting the door silently as to not disturb the neighborhood.

Inside, the car was practically riotous. Sam ate a slice of greasy pizza with her fingers, wiping them on the glass. I winced, but said nothing. "How'd it go?" she said between bites.

I rolled my eyes. "Awful. He caught me and started screaming at me." The car rolled in reverse

under my hands, spluttered, and moved forward once again, heading away from his street for good. "What do you think? You saw it?" she asked, her eyes wide.

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Mandy began applying makeup, sure as hell wasn't taking them anywhere were she needed to look good. "Well, it's about damn time you did something



besides moping all day," she said, puckering her lips for another round of lipstick. "We were sick of it."

"You certainly have a way with words. Ever consider being a poet?" My car became one with the main road, just another set of lights on the busy street. It might have been night, but this part of town never slept.

She threw something at me, completely unconcerned with distracting her driver. I didn't dignify it with a response.

It felt good to finally be rid of that dandelion.

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